



A girl with grocery bag



70 22 12

Chapter 1 by Selena Raynee

You never notice a girl with a grocery bag, you never look at her twice. She's commonplace, plain, safe and boring. Just a regular girl with a plastic bag that you meet in the street. You walk past her without second thought. Then, when you get a bullet in your back, that girl is the last person you suspect of having fired the shot. She looked so commonplace and boring. Light fades from your eyes; you never see the grin on girl's face as she rapidly walks away, grocery bag and gun discarded into the nearest trash bin.

"Two more," she thinks.

She looks at the sky, overcast and gloomy.

"It's going to rain," she thinks.

She doesn't like rain, so she quickens her pace and enters subway before first raindrops fall.

Now she's just another commonplace girl riding a subway.

Chapter 2 by Selena Raynee



[waiting for someone else to continue the story]

See more of Story Wars

Chapter 3 by Luke Meyers

[already gave it a shot, but

Login

or

Create new account

Chapter 4 by Selena Raynee



Another day.

A girl in mini-skirt and funny pink t-shirt is struggling with lifting jack at the side of the road near smart sedan.

You pull over, asking whether she needs any help. She accepts it happily.

The moment you turn your back at her, you're dead. They'll find your body thrown into the tall grass near your abandoned car.

And she'll say "one more".

Chapter 5 by intellikat



Another day, another body.

It was going on such that the word "serial" was being used around the office. And Detective Charlie didn't like that. He had very little time to solve this mystery. Very little time indeed.

"They said it was a girl. Mid-twenties. Average height, average build. Brown hair. Nothing special sticks out in memory."

"Goddammit, that's not much to go on."

"We're running out of time on this one, boss."

"No need to remind me, I know. I know."

About three more chapters, to be exact.

"We might have had some leads at this point, but those two clowns from the bureau just futzed around the crime scene and came back with no leads whatsoever." Detective Charlie grabbed his coat. "I'm gonna have a look at this one personally, and I'll be damned if they pull jurisdiction on me."

It wasn't long before Detective Charlie was squatting within the barrier tape in the tall grass.

"I can't believe those guys missed this," he said, holding something in his hand.

"What is it, boss?"

"Car jack. Fingerprints all over it. Clumsy, really clumsy. Hard to believe, really, but a great break in a case that's been stalled for some time now. Let's find out who they belong to."

It wasn't long before the database spit out a name and an address.

"27 Bridge Street, Diego Carniva. Just perhaps, let's go knock on a door."

They did.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Chapter 6 by Selena Raynee



"Another body"

Diego Carnivals, owner of jack fingerprints, has been dead for at least five days.

Officers found signs that someone lived in his apartment these five days, consuming waste amount of cupped noodles and throwing empty cups around the room.

CSI unit found lots of DNA samples and lots of fingerprints; neighbors stated that Diego often used services of hookers. It looked like a dead end.

Until you found a small copper coin in the shower drain; it had a symbol of Uroboros engraved and looked too old and valuable to be simply lying around in the drain.

You took it to a friend of yours who deals art.

Next day, you're looking at the entrance to prestigious art gallery uptown. Your partner didn't find it important; he's questioning Diego's family instead.

You're ready to admit defeat, when something strike you as odd: people had been only entering the building for the whole two hours you've been glued to your car's window. No one is coming out.

Strange, isn't it?

You decide to investigate.

Chapter 7 by intellikat



Detective Charlie fumblingly made his way out of the patrol car and into the art gallery, where he was immediately shot.

"Must be onto something," he groaned, as he felt his life drain away. "Just wish I had more time... so many clues, leads, possibilities... just not enough time."

From out of the shadows appeared... Diego Carnivale/s.

"Hello, detective, he said, slurping on some noodles from a cup."

"What the-- tell me how you did it whv you did it etc etc okay?"

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

"And the coin?"

"I left it to get you here, plain and simple. Needed a showdown."

"Why doesn't anyone come out of this place, but only go in?"

"Well. It's only 2pm. The gallery doesn't close until 6."

"Oh."

Suddenly, the girl walked in. She was looking great. Charlie was almost dead.

And then, just as suddenly, Detective Charlie's partner bursts in, shouting, "The family was a dead end! Here I am to assist you!"

Chapter 8 by intellikat



When Charlie passed, all of his friends were there for him.

Scarecrow stood as shade above for the many generations who perched silently on Charlie's bonnet, their beaks bowed in silence. The elder bird, Charlie's dear friend, had long since passed himself, but his grandson stood respectfully atop Charlie's rusty hood ornament now and spoke a few gentle words in loving memory of their departed automotive companion. He told the story of how his grandfather had met Charlie, and then Scarecrow shared the dream that Charlie had always had of pacing the roadways once again, and how that dream had faded, and how Charlie's heart and hood had instead been opened to the avian families in attendance now. It was a lovely moment for all. And then as it is with all things... the moment ended.

Life went on for the birds. Though Charlie's old, raspy voice was no longer with them and his windshield wipers had given their last baby bird a ride, his comfortable chassis still provided for them all. In wind, in rain, in sleet and snow, Charlie's body was still their beloved home, and though rusty in a few odd spots, it held up remarkably well for its age.

And then one morning, Scarecrow spied a strange sight. He blinked his triangular eyes and watched as a man approached from beyond the wooden fence. He was certainly headed in their

direction, and as he mounted the fence and came within distance, the birds all exploded up from Charlie's body as they were wont to do, fluttered to the nearby trees and telephone line.

"Oh my..." breathed the first bird. "What are you doing out here old fella? You're a long way from home!" The man turned, whistled, and waved up the dirt

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

path, and in the distance there rolled toward them a black breakdown lorry.

"Henry! Look at this thing. What a beaut."

Henry, the other man, stepped from the cab of the lorry with a snubby cigar jammed into the corner of his mouth. "Looks a wreck, Dan."

"No, no. Only a few spots here or there. Nothing we can't repair. They sure don't make 'em like this anymore, that's for sure." Dan leaned in to look into Charlie's cab. "None quite like you," he said, and in that magical moment, something happened that neither of the men were able to explain even many years later. From above them, the birds all seemed to break into... applause... was the only way they could describe it. In unison, the birds seemed to be cheering, and after only a brief moment of this, they fluttered away and disappeared in the distance.

"That was strange," said Henry, who was picking up his cigar from the ground where his agape mouth had dropped it.

"Hey. Have a look at this scarecrow," said Dan. "This thing must be fifty years old!" He looked around. "Still guarding the cornfield after all these years. If he could talk... wonder if he could tell us how this old car got here in the first place."

"Let's hook it up, Dan. My wife's been goading me about the long hours I've been pulling lately."

"Sure thing, sure thing." Dan made his way over to his partner and helped him draw a large hook from the lorry's winch. "Let bring this old fella home."

And so it was that things came full circle for Charlie. He got his wish in the end. And I even had the chance to see him. Just once. One day he came driving along that dusty dirt path and stopped just for moment on the other side of the wooden fence... a new driver, a new coat of paint, new tyres... all just as he had dreamt of. He honked at me, and if I could wave, I would have. I told the birds about it when they returned to perch on me and share stories of their new home... an abandoned barn not two kilometres away... well, as the crow flies. I missed all of their company some days, but I understood the lesson well. All things change in time. And one can never know what is coming next.

I'm standing here now on a cold autumn evening. Full moon hanging in the sky. And what do you know? Here comes Charlie again, racing down the road. He stops, and out of his doors come Dan and what looks to be his boy.

"That's a fine son you've got there."

"Wow! He'll be perfect, Dad."

"We'll just need to pay the farmer on our way out, what do you say? Let's get him down from there and put him into the back."

"Mom, gonna love this!"

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

And so it was that I, too, went through my own change. From a lonely cornfield to the centre of attention at a Harvest festival and a permanent residence as decoration in the yard of Charlie's new owner, Dan. I couldn't imagine it getting any better.

That is, until I heard a familiar sound rise up from a nearby barn.

the end

Write a comment...

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account